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LITERARY.

WINTER.

BY BENJAMIN TODD.

Autumn's bright and radiant crown
From her fair brow now fades away;
The brightly glistening emerald leaves,
Encircled fast in Nature's shawl,
Close in her well stored garner lay.
The mellow and soft-tinted sun,
That shone o'er hillside and o'er plain,
Has lost its bright and magic glow,
And, fading from the vale below,
Has yielded to stern Winter's reign.
Snow-lakes now come wildly flying,
Borne onward by the Winter's gales,
Which toss and turn the snow-like spread
That covers o'er the silent dead,
As it goes moaning down the vales.
O, where are the lovely flowers
That shone all through the Summer time?
Alas! they faded and they died,
Where they had shone in all their pride—
Died sweetly as a silvery chime.
We, too, like flowers, soon shall fade,
When Father Time's sharp, frosty breath
Shall come to break life's brittle stem,
And crown us with a diadem—
The pale, cold diadem of death.
Old Winter's chilling, snowy shroud
May wrap our lowly graves around,
And like the miser's golden grain,
Hold our frail forms in Death's cold clasp,
Buried beneath the churchyard mound.
But our freed spirits ne'er shall fade,
Nor like the lovely roses die;
For Death's drear, dark, and murky gloom
Ne'er shall chill our immortal bloom,
In that sweet Summer Land on high.

OLIVE BRANCH.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN McDUGAL.

CHAPTER I.

"Pardon is for men,
And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,
And no resentment; things like him must sting,
And higher beings suffer 'tis the charter
Of life. The man who slays the adder's fang
May have the crawler crushed, but feels no anger;
'Twas the worm's nature; and some men are worms
In soul, more than the living things of tomb."
—Marino Faliero.

"You have no intention of making me a fright?
O, not by any means!" said Matilda Branch,
as she turned the dressing-glass so as to give a full
image of her plain features, whose coarseness was
now enhanced by an expression of ill-humor, which
all her secretiveness would not entirely cover.
Then, with a smile so ironical that it burnt like a
caustic, she fixed her eyes on the young girl who
attended her.
Just then, as the latter looked up, a rich loop of
curls, that glistened in the light with golden hue,
becoming disengaged in her exercise, fell like a mesh
of sunshine over a neck and shoulders so fair and
lovely, that the ugly black garment which she wore
only seemed a foil to their exceeding beauty. The
owner of these fair tresses, and the innocent face
that beamed so sweetly from their midst, was Olive
Branch, a poor orphan, cousin of Matilda, whose
hair she was now dressing for the evening ball.
At this sight Matilda was so much moved that she
fell into a strain of abuse, which, if it had nothing
else to recommend it, was yet hearty and sincere.
"I've told you twenty times to comb out that
friz, and why don't you do it? It annoys me! I
can't bear the sight of it! You make it a point to
do nothing as I wish!"
"Indeed, I do not," replied Olive. "I have done
all I could to keep my hair straight. I have brushed
and oiled it; but, to my best, it will curl!"
"Do you presume to contradict, Miss Inso-
lence?" retorted the other. "Do you dare to tell
me that your hair will curl, though you know very
well mine will not?" and rudely seizing one of the
bright locks that clustered over the forehead of her
fair cousin, whose beauty, as she had truly said, was
hateful to her, she vented her spite on that by
wrenching it until the poor girl writhed with pain.
"You do me great injustice! Fray, listen quietly,
Matilda—do! my dear cousin!" returned Olive,
striving to repress her tears, and struggling with her
indignation at such cruel treatment. "Your hair
was beginning to look very sweetly before you dis-
arranged it. Indeed, I have never seen it look
better!"
"Don't cousin me!" responded Matilda, haughti-
ly. "You must have a deal of impudence to use
that name, when you know I never will own you to
my dying day. I don't believe my uncle ever was
your father; and if he was—pardon me, my dear—I
think you are the legitimate heir of his audacity! Only
to think of it! But he should throw you upon
us in the shameful way he did! I think it is a great
deal better to live and take care of our children than
to die and leave them to other people," and, mistak-
ing her malice for wit, she tried to laugh; but her
effort failed for want of the right kind of capital.
Olive could not now repress her tears; for, in her
truly forlorn condition, she cherished the memory
of her parents, brooding over it as a miserable bank-
rupt over lost wealth. It was consecrated as a part
of her religion. She had bonded it on her bosom,
an amulet of opal, which had absorbed the early light
that now seemed extinguished forever. But the na-
ture of Matilda was coarse, hard and cold. She
could not comprehend anything so tender, fine, and
delicate as the organization and mind of Olive.

"There are some," she said, tauntingly, while her
sharp nose seemed to take a sharper point—"there
are some that know better how to spend property
than to get it; that's your reputed father, my hon-
ored uncle! and there are some others that like eat-
ing and drinking, and dawdling about in their laziness,
better than work; and that's yourself, my
cousin, that would be! But before I'd be depend-
ent, I'd work my finger-nails off! I would, indeed!
You needn't look so pale, just to show your fine
sensibilities! I dare say you'd faint if you possibly
could! But I tell you what, Miss, it won't go down!
The idea of work is terrible, to be sure! Doubtless
it would be vastly more genteel to be under the pro-
tection of some fine gentleman. The external ap-
pearances would be so much more lady-like—one's
hands, especially, would be so much fairer! I dare
say you would prefer such a situation; and I have
no doubt you will obtain one!"
"What do you mean? Explain, I implore you!"
answered Olive.

"I never can afford to talk and find brains also;
that is asking a little too much!" responded the
other; and she added in a sharp, but at the same
time rough and haggling voice, "Of course, I
would never hint, for the world, that I know any-
thing of the kind; and yet it is plain as that very
pug-nose on your own little soft face, that if you
kept your place, left drumming on other people's
pianos, and minded your business, gentlemen would
not be inquiring about you as if they expected me—
yes, me, Miss—to engage in a kind of business which
decency requires should be nameless. So now I tell
you, once and for all, if I hear any more questions
of the kind, I'll have you tied up and whipped!"

Olive's expressive and truthful face turned scarlet
under the hard and cruel eyes that now seemed bent
on racking her with a new torture; for degrading as
her position was, in going through the passages, or
rooms, she had often heard exclamations at her rare
and delicate beauty. And one gentleman had seemed
to seek occasions when he could gaze at or even ad-
dress her; and his admiration was no secret in the
family. It was this one in particular to whom Ma-
tilda alluded; for he was a gay young man, and had
been flirting with herself very seriously for some
time. Wilfred Holmes was, indeed, really struck
with the fair young orphan, as her very instincts told
her; nor were the jealous passions of Matilda less
acute.

"What young person is that, I often see about
you?" he had inquired of Matilda only a few weeks
before, as Olive made a hurried exit from the parlor,
where she was waiting the orders of her imperious
young mistress.
"Who is she?" he continued, seeing that Matilda
was confused, and gave no reply. "She is really
quite—yes, very—or at least tolerably—good-looking."

In reply to this very cautious feeler, he got only
something like this: that they were not bound to
furnish a pedigree of the servants, and all that kind
of people about the house; that if he were really
seeking an acquaintance with the person, perhaps her
brother might furnish him with letters to the Found-
ling Hospital, and so on.

But this, so far from silencing the suspi-
cions, or blinding the eyes of Wilfred, only sharpened
his curiosity, and stimulated the feeling of ad-
miration which the fair young orphan had truly ex-
cited, and he was not long in making her acquaint-
ance; for he watched her almost continually—fol-
lowed her wherever she went; and certain it was, a
knowledge of the duplicity and meanness, of which
Matilda had been guilty, excited a feeling of con-
tempt for her, and a kind of chivalrous regard for her
neglected cousin. Though not remarkably acute,
Matilda had apprehended something of this, and
hence her rebuke.

"You need not be so frightened!" she continued;
"I would not whisper, even to dear mamma, any-
thing so disgraceful to my cousin," she added, lay-
ing a stress that was really corrosive on the last
word. "Cousins, indeed!" she resumed, after a
short pause; "I wonder when we shall come in
competition! Don't you really believe, now, that
we shall ask you to take a seat in the drawing-room,
with your old black cambric dress, and your cork-
screw curls?—auburn is, I believe, the fashionable
name for red!"

Poor Olive shook her head to foot; but still she
went on with her work, that, having finished it, she
might be permitted to retire.
"Take care! What are you about? You will
burn my hair if you make the iron so hot!" shrieked
Matilda. "Stop shaking, I say, this minute!"
But when she said that the poor girl's tremor was
so increased that she was really unable to proceed,
in a paroxysm of rage she seized the curling-iron,
and gave Olive such a blow across the cheek with
the hot end of it as to flay the skin off where it
struck.

"Get out of my sight!" she continued, trying to
stifle her remorse, when she saw the bad wound she
had made; for even she had feeling. But, like many
other passionate people, wanting moral courage to
own the wrong, she sought to disguise it by assum-
ing a degree of hardness and cruelty which, with all
her roughness, really did not belong to her. "Get
off my sight!" she repeated, apparently unmoved
by the streaming blood, or the signs of anguish,
both mental and physical, which the poor girl could
not repress. Seeing that Olive did not go, she ad-
ded, coolly, "My convenience, of course, is a se-
condary consideration! Self first, is your motto, if
I mistake not! Do you hear, I say? Leave me this
instant, and attend to that peach-bloom, cheek, as I
overheard Mr. — phrase it the other day. Shame
on you, for a dirty hussy, to hear such talk from
gentlemen! But go and attend to your face! It
would be a thousand pities if it should happen to
have a scar!"

"No wonder you tremble!" continued the cruel
girl, as Olive grasped for support at the foot-board
of the couch, against which she leaned. "Perhaps
you think I shall tell mamma there is danger of an
elopement! but I shall not. You had better go.
Nobody wants you here. There is a certain proverb
in which company is invidiously compared with
room, quite in point. I hope you take, Miss
Branch!"
It would have seemed as if a savage—a brute—an
uncared stone—might have had more feeling; but
Matilda manifested none, as the poor girl, losing all
self-control, sank on her knees, her whole form quiv-
ering with uttermost anguish, as, with clasped hands,
she exclaimed: "O, my God! save me from this
torture, or suffer it to kill me!" Unable to articu-
late more, the faint motion of her pale lips alone
told that she still prayed.
"That is very romantic and becoming, to be
sure!" said Matilda, as she surveyed the quivering
form, with the cold, deliberate eye of a practiced
connoisseur. "It goes off, indeed, almost like the
real Simon Pure feeling! But I think a cluster of
liquid pearls, just for the sake of contrast on that
flushed cheek would be a decided improvement, and
greatly enhance the general effect. You see, my
dear, I am mounting your own hobbies—quite artifi-
cial, besides being poetic! Couldn't you, now,
manage to get up a few tears just to oblige me—your
dear cousin? or shall I ring for an onion?"
There was something in this cold, sardonic, vulgar
rillery, more intolerable than the most unbridled
rage, or the fiercest cruelty. It was a mental
scourge that lacerated with every blow. The caustic
iron seared itself into the soul.
The persecuted orphan cast one imploring look on
her cruel tormentress: "Have pity!" she cried; "O
Matilda! remember that I have neither father, nor
mother, nor brother, nor sister—no friend in the
wide world—no relations but you and Aunt!"
"We are not your relations!" rudely retorted Ma-
tilda; "and I do not believe you ever had any such
claim."

CHAPTER II.

"Prithee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."
—Macbeth.

The last speaker was suddenly interrupted by a
voice which, though somewhat nasal in its tones,
had the rare quality of a great sincerity; and Ma-
tilda shrunk within herself to hear the following:

"Don't be a sayn! yer haint got no friends!
Don't say that, Olive, when here's old Sol a comin'
to look arter ye in spite of 'Belzebub' an' all his an-
gels! An isn't he one that's stood by the old man,
off 'n on, these better 'n twenty year, an' yer
gran'ther afore him? So don't take on so, poor little
chickadee! you've got one friend; that's sartin!"

As this was said, a long, muscular, bilious-looking
visage was protruded into the room; and a man ap-
parently forty years of age, though appearing much
older, and having the broadest Yankee characteris-
tics, approached the girl with a kind of swinging,
swaying motion, as if his joints were all loose in the
sockets.

Olive held out her arms, and uttering a cry of joy
at the sight of her humble friend, she turned her
eyes, deprecatingly from him to Matilda; with a
deep groan of anguish that might have softened the
heart of a fiend, the fair form collapsed, and then
became rigid. A deadly pallor overspread the deli-
cate features.

The poor child had fainted away. Heartless and
cruel as Matilda was, she yet was not wholly void of
compassion. When she saw her victim thus—in-
sensible—apparently dead—she was, for a moment,
filled with the wildest terror; and her shrieks called
her mother to the room. But while this was passing,
the person who had called himself Old Sol had lifted
Olive from the floor; and having laid her on the bed,
where Matilda entered, he stood over her with his
long visage softened to a look of tenderness pity;
and as he chafed the small, fair hands in his, he was
repeatedly muttering, "Poor gal! poor little gal!
So nice an' pooty! It's a darned shame!"

"What has happened now?" exclaimed the lady,
hurrying forward; "and what are you here for,
Sharp?"

She was a tall, gaunt, bilious-visaged woman, with
her naturally fierce and grim look now somewhat
tempered by apprehension. Affecting not to see the
real sufferer, she passed by the bed, and, approaching
her daughter, asked quickly, "Has anything
happened to you, Tilly? Do speak, and tell what is
the matter?"

It need scarcely be mentioned that Mrs. Branch was
troubled with an obliquity of outward vision, which
was not natural, indeed, but determined by a cor-
responding mental defect; and this prevented her
from taking in the spirit of the scene readily, as she
might otherwise have done.

"I'm here to look arter this here young 'un, the
child of William Hammond. I persume you didn't
know that he an' I's mates from boys—you never
heard on him, I s'pose. But I tell ye now you'd bet-
ter start yer team, if ye don't want that 'ere gal of
yours to feel that she's a murderer, in good earnest! I
say, you haint ye got no no camphire, nor north-
in'?" that sort."

Thus saying, as he perceived that Olive was chang-
ing to a more deadly paleness, and no one coming
immediately to her assistance, he tore open her dress
without ceremony, and seizing the ewer, he dashed
the nice bed and curtains a plentiful showering. All
this transpired in but a moment, though it has taken
several to describe it. As soon as Matilda saw her
mother, she threw herself in her arms, and burst
into a fit of hysterical weeping; for her very re-
more partook of her predominant selfishness; and
she was ambitious to be the heroine of every scene.

"For heaven's sake stop, Sol! You'll wet the
bed all over!" cried out Mrs. Branch. "What in the
world do you mean?"

"Then can't long an' den it yerself, 's ye'd ought-
ter?" he answered. "I'll tell ye what 'tis, she'll die
's sure 's a gun, if ye don't do something!"

"What new freak is this?" exclaimed Mrs. Branch,
disengaging herself from the arms of her daughter,
and approaching the bed. "What is the matter?"
Then, turning back to Matilda, as if she would shut
her eyes against the truth, she asked, "How is it,
my love? Say, dear, are you hurt?"

"Good heavens, mamma! is she dead?" cried
Matilda, once more startled out of her selfishness,
as she looked on the ghastly visage of Olive; and as
she spoke Mrs. Branch rang for assistance.
"No; she aint dead yet," said Mr. Sharp; "so
ye'd better go to work. She aint dead yet; for I
feel the teetle heart a pit-a-patin'; but it goes awful
soft, an' orlmighty slow."

Though almost savagely unfeeling, Mrs. Branch was
yet an active and energetic woman; but it was some
time ere the most powerful measures were effectual.
While the very existence of the poor orphan re-
mained suspended by at least a strong doubt—so
long as the breathing appeared imperceptible, and
that almost still, she was apparently solicitous
for her welfare, as if she had really human feeling;
but with the first gasp she began to scold and storm.
"I declare!" said she, "there is never any peace in
the house where this creature is! I am almost
frightened to death! I shan't get over it in a month!
Tilly, do, for pity's sake, look here, an' see what
work that good-for-nothing Sharp has made with
your bed!"

"O, for gracious sake!" chimed in Matilda, "if
the black dye-stuff hasn't come out of that old cam-
bric! My counterpane is ruined! And only see,
mamma, the pillow-cases, and this elegant thread
edging they are trimmed with, that cost two dollars
a yard! What a shame!"

"The more shame ter yerself!" echoed Sharp.
"I'll tell ye what 'tis, Tilly Branch! I know you, an'
all your folks, by an' large! Year gran'ther was as
poor a man 's I be, an' a leetle poorer; for he lived
on neighborly charity a long spell, till everybody
got tired out; and then he cum on the town.
No shame ter him, I say; nor ye nuther; for laziness,
I take it, 's a real disease—a kind of a slow
fever; but don't think ye're the biggest bug that's
a flyin' out in all creation. Don't try ter turn up
that sharp nose o' yers, an' make it any sharper.
It natrally looks up, pooty well—like a hawk's bill
upside down. But Olive, here; she's come of great
folk through an' through. An' sometimes I've
ajest think it dooz make a difference. At any rate it
seems 's if de brass'd all run off t'other side o' the
haouse an' left northin' but clean gold in this 'ere
leetle critter."

During this long harangue Matilda had been strug-
gling for speech; and when she regained her utter-
ance it was with a very ill grace; for her conscience
feared, and her vanity shrunk from the awkward and
heavy thrusts of the Yankee farmer.

"I think you are very officious, and very presum-
ing," she began, but, though she used this measured
and moderate language, yet her ashen cheek, and
quivering lip, indicated the most intense passion.
"Taint no euse a-torkin'," returned Solomon; "for
this 'ere chicken warnt born in the woods ter be
skeered by an aowl!"

Just then Mrs. Branch, who had been, with the
help of two maids in waiting, trying to disengage
some of the worst parts of its drapery from the bed,
re-entered the room, when he addressed the remain-
der of his speech to her.

"I say, Miss Branch, 'taint no euse a-torkin'; for
if there is a God anywhere about, he'd be pooty apt
ter take notice o' what ye're up ter. Look a-ther, Miss
Branch!"—he pointed to Olive, who appeared to
have sunk into a profound sleep. "What do ye
think o' that, trestin' that 'ere gal, the child of yer
husband's own brother, worse 'n an'—jagger on the
Southern plantations, an' skeerin' the teetle heart
out of her body, with yer tarna catervaullins! Der
ye believe that William Hammond don't know
what's goin' on? or if he don't, der ye think a just
God 'ud skulk out o' this bizness? If there is a
Paower above us somethin' will be done! Ye be
darned ter darnation if there aint! Haint he prom-
ised in the good Book, that not a single sparrer
shall fall ter the graound without his knowledge; an'
aint this leetle critter with more 'n a thousan' sparrers?"

While thus speaking, he stood with his arms ex-
tended over the sleeping girl, as if he would guard
her from ill; while occasionally the large blue eyes
and well cut features expressed much of moral
truth and beauty, which, as yet, were undeveloped
through the intellect. On the whole, there was a
mingled expression of defiance, veneration, benevo-
lence, and bold honesty in his countenance, attitude
and demeanor, that would have made a striking pic-
ture.

Mrs. Branch and Matilda were completely taken
by surprise; and for a few moments they attempted
no defence; and, in all their fancy, they stood
ashed before the humble but kind and truthful
countryman. They trembled and turned pale with
the power of strong and contending passions. If
poor Olive could have seen them writhe at every
word that was so coolly and deliberately uttered,
she would have been partially avenged. Mrs. Branch
was the first to recover.

"I am surprised," she began, in unusually sweet
and soft tones. "I am really surprised, Mr. Sharp!
What are you thinking of? In short, what can have
led you to imagine—"

"Come now, yer needn't be surprised at all!" he
interrupted, quickly. "If I didn't look arter this
child, I should be skeered goin' out o' nights, for
far William Hammond, or old Sol, that I's named
for, 'd be a takin' arter me; an' the old Colonel, in
his grave rigiments, would be reinin' me up for
neglect o' duty. Didn't ye never think on't, Mrs.
Branch?"

She started with a shudder at the question, and

then exclaimed, "O, don't, Mr. Sharp! you really
frighten me, with that infidel, heathenish talk of
ghosts and goblins."

But at the same instant looking at the dyed print
of Olive's dress on the counterpane, with a sudden
movement she lifted the corner, and fairly rolled the
patient off on to a coarse folded sheet that had been
prepared to lay her on.

"Don't be frettin' yerself about the bed-spread!"
resumed Solomon; "don't, Miss Branch. There's
vins stains in yer family 'n them be. That'll wash,
but some other things wont. Ef they ever deu git
clean, they'll have ter be burnt out with fire."

"Why, what do you mean?" interrupted Mrs.
Branch, really turning pale.

"Naow, wouldn't it be better—" he went right on
without minding her at all—"wouldn't it be a
darned sight better ter try an' deu about right; an'
then if the Devil himself comes arter us, we could
say, 'Git aout, an' go 'long bout yer business; yeu
meddlin' old cuss! Don't ye see I'm a deuin' mine
O. K.?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Trundle-Bed.

As I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles,
And against the window-pane—
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly strewn,
I saw in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song,
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read:
"Sleep, my dear; lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the rush of memory,
Rushing thronging to the spot;
And I wondered back to childhood,
To those weary days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said—
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep they are in memory driven:
"Followed be thy name, O Father!
Father! Thou who art in heaven."

This she taught me; then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Then it was with hands uplifted
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father,
O, do thou bless my child!"

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod;
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled;
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle-bed.

Art Thou Living Yet?

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Is there no grand immortal sphere
Beyond this world of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
And dry the tears from weeping eyes?
Where winter melts in endless spring,
And summer dreams in countless flowers,
Where we may hear the dear ones sing
Who loved us in this world of ours?

I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
With tears for one I cannot see;
O, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
Thou unseen angel of my life!
I hear thy hymns around me thrill
An undertone to care and strife;
Thy tender eyes upon me shine
As from a being glorified;
Till I am thine and thou art mine,
And forget that thou hast died.

I almost lose each vain regret
In visions of life to be;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

The spring-tides bloom, the summers fade,
The winters blow along my way;
But ever every light and shade
Thy memory lives by night and day;
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
Like some sweet song that cannot die,
And, like the murmur of the sea,
Grows deeper when the storm is nigh.

I know the brightest stars that set
Return to bless the yearning sea;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death.

And yet, at times, mine eyes are wet
With tears for her I cannot see;
O, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

RELIGIOUS WORDS.—Those religious objects
and ideas which are of the simplest and most obvi-
ous character are represented in English by words
derived from the Teutonic dialects, while the more
complicated and artificial—what we may call
scientific or technic—portions of the religious
vocabulary is always and in every case of Latin or
Greek derivation: thus, "God," "fiend," "wick-
ed," "righteous," "hell," "faith," "hope," &c., are
all pure Saxon words; while "predestination,"
"justification," "baptism," &c., will greatly be
found to come from other sources.—*Outlines of
English Literature.*

A CLERGYMAN in Norwich, Conn., has been led
by his zeal in the temperance cause into making a
bet, offering to forfeit ten thousand dollars if a
quart of pure spirits can be found in that city.
How in the world could the reverend gentleman
have obtained the requisite knowledge to make
him so confident?

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The Philosophy of Religious Revivals.

At the close of our last week's article on this subject, we left the young converts on the downward grade; or, as the Christians generally term it, "going back to the beggarly elements of the world"; or, in Scripture language, "turning like a sow to her wallowing in the mire." Now, we inquire, have those backsliding converts been benefited by the psychological experience through which they have passed? The advocate of revivals replies, "Certainly, they have been benefited." But we beg leave to differ from such a conclusion. They have been injured, and only injured. To say the least, they have lost a large amount of self-respect. They feel that they have proved themselves unworthy of trust. Professing Christians shun their society now, as though they had lost all confidence in them. Their old companions taunt and jeer them, when they return to their old associations. Lambs of the Christian fold, as they were called a short time previous, they would not and could not feel meaner if they were found each with a stolen sheep on his back. Let us try some of the characters, and see if they have benefited by their ephemeral religious experience.

There is John A.—before he "got religion," he was very profane indeed; for two or three months the psychological restraint caused him to refrain from his profanity; but how is it now? The oaths flow from his mouth in a continuous stream, and he feels it to be necessary, in order to convince his associates that he is done with his religion. But there was old Sam B.—as every body was wont to call him: he "got religion," among the rest. Before he "got religion," he used to get drunk every day; but when he was brought under the influence of the revival, he quit drinking for a time, and all the religionists were wont to point him out as an example of the saving quality of the "means of grace," and the happy influence of a good old-fashioned revival. Where was he in July of the same year? He had indeed returned "like the sow to her wallowing in the mire"; for nightly he sleeps in the gutter, or staggers on his way to the darksome, lonely hovel, where he becomes an object of terror to his poverty-stricken family. Struck with shame when he found his "religion" oozing out, he could not tell why, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should turn to the intoxicating cup once more. There had been no change in his nature whatever; the so-called work of grace was all a mere farce; the psychological influence of the revival had restrained him for the time being, no more. Consequently, when the restraint was removed, he found himself only old drunken Sam B.—as he was before. Who will have the reckless disregard for truth, after canvassing the subject thoroughly, to say that this drunkard has benefited by the revival? But here comes another candidate for revival influences: he is of a licentious character, and has not only wasted his substance in riotous living, but has destroyed his health, and Death is even now approaching the door of Life's citadel. The diseased state of his body has produced a corresponding state of mind; hence, he becomes an easy prey to the revival influences. Conviction terrible and conversion joyous follow each other in quick succession, and the prodigal has returned to his father's house. The whole Church make merry and rejoice at his return. But how stands the affair some six or eight months afterward? He has ceased to attend the meetings altogether, and his name has been stricken from the roll of the faithful. Search for him, and you will find him at his old haunts once more, where innocence is a victim, and where sin culminates in death. What good was accomplished for him? Was his nature changed in the least? Was there any "work of grace" in his heart? Was he not as sincere as the rest? Did he not offer as good evidence of sound conviction and genuine conversion as any one ever did? If it had been the "grace of God," it would have "gone on unto perfection," would it not? If it was not the "grace of God," tell us what the power was.

But it is said there still remain two-tenths of the converted. Have they not benefited by their conversion? Again we answer, perhaps to their surprise. No. One-tenth, at least, were as good before they joined the Church, and a little better. They were so good, in fact, that joining the Church injured them somewhat. Before they united with the Church, their large philanthropy and generosity led them to be charitable to suffering ones, wherever they might find them. But, afterward, the minister, or some of the leading members, who had carried a heavy load for a long time, and were anxious to escape the burden, or at least to have some assistance in bearing it, give these new converts a quiet hint that if they take care of the poor of their own Church, they will do all that is required of them. Thus they are educated into selfishness and sectarian bigotry, and are induced to contract the bounds of their usefulness.

Now, as to the other remaining tenth: are they benefited? Nay, not one. They sustain the most harm of any; for they are made consummate hypocrites for the remainder of their lives. They are persons who, before they made a profession of religion, enjoyed but little of the confidence of people who knew them well. Mechanics and tradesmen always avoided trusting them, if possible, on account of an indisposition or inability (or perhaps both) to meet their obligations. But now their "profession of religion" proves the "open sesame" to any position in life they may desire. They are trusted with positions of honor and emolument which they had not previously dared

to seek. They are well aware that their religion is gone, as much so, perhaps, as is the profane man; but can they afford to give up the prominent position in society they have acquired, and resume their proper level? By no means. What course, then, remains for them to pursue? No other than that of the hypocrite, trying to sustain the outward appearance of religion, without any real vitality in it. It is sad to think of, yet the facts sustain the assertion that, if they pay pretty liberally toward supporting the so-called "means of grace," they are not often disturbed.

Again: the convert may be a grocery-keeper, who had but little trade before joining the Church, and a good run of custom since. Is he going to renounce his faith, and cause his customers to turn the cold shoulder and cease to trade with him? Not while he is making fifty per cent. on his daily sales. Hence, there is no other course for him but to hide, as best he may, under his hypocritical garb of piety, the true state of his mind.

Or the convert may be a young practicing physician, in search of business. Before the revival, his patients were "like angels' visit, few and far between." But, after he has "professed religion," and "joined the class," the brethren employ him in their families. He is making a good home for himself, wife, and baby. He soon realizes that the magic spell is broken; that his religion is all dispersed to the four winds; that the whole of it was without foundation. What should he do? He naturally likes to be honest; but to be honest now, would be to make a great sacrifice. It would literally take the bread out of the mouths of his wife and baby. He says that this is asking too much. For himself, he could bear any pain, and make any sacrifice to sustain his manhood; but to see those who are dearer to him than his own life suffer, is more than he can bear. Hence, like the others, he must act the hypocrite. The Rev. George Burchard, himself a celebrated revivalist, once remarked concerning this class of individuals, that they were the meanest of all God's cattle! "For," said he, "they will stay in the Church, and try to make people believe they are Christians by once in a great while making a cold, formal prayer, that is enough to freeze hell all over." The reverend gentleman did not deign to inform us whether hell would make a good skating-pond when frozen over in that manner; nor whether the juveniles of that warm country had a supply of skates; for the present, therefore, we do not expect that our curiosity can be gratified in that direction. But, if the religion of our theological brethren be true, and they could have the power to prove it experimentally upon us, we, as well as many others, would soon be made acquainted with the climate of that region. And if religionists are right, we think we would rather like to go there. They say that Lord Bacon, Voltaire, Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, Theodore Parker, and Humboldt, have gone thither. Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, A. D. Davis, Henry C. Wright, are ticketed through, and will go on an early train. We would like to go, too, because we are far more particular about the company we keep than we are about the climate of the country in which we live.

We have thus briefly traced the phenomena of religious revivals through their various phases, honestly, fairly, and candidly; and we defy any sensible, unprejudiced mind to come to any other conclusion than the proposition with which we started, namely, that they are caused by psychological influence. In our next, we shall speak of Mesmerism as a cause or moving power in the carrying on of religious revivals.

Some Objections of Skeptics Answered.

Many people are disposed to cavil because they are not favored with as remarkable manifestations of spirit presence and spirit agency as some other people have been; but we can assure them that the best evidence that they are not yet qualified to receive such manifestations exists in the fact they complain of; namely, that they have not yet witnessed them. The good husbandman does not sow the seed of the future harvest until the ground has been prepared, by exposure to sun and rain, and by the overturning and uprooting plowshare, to receive it and impart growth and expansion to it. So those who are not favored would not be benefited, and could accomplish nothing, by being witnesses of ever so many wonderful demonstrations of spirit power, or recipients of ever so much direct information from the spirit world, without having had their prejudices and previously conceived opinions uprooted and overturned by the plowshare of sound logic, and supplanted by convictions of the truth. Some who have seen the most wonderful manifestations of spirit power, and have been subjects of the most powerful influences from spirit sources, during a long period of time, are as yet unconvinced, for want of previous preparation and cultivation. What could be expected, then, if the seed should be sown on entirely barren ground, such as may be found among bigots and Bible-worshippers? Let the complainants look well at themselves, and see whether they are not wanting in some such qualities as candor and fairness, the possession of which would render communications from spirit sources of benefit to them.

The first thing required by many persons, in consulting a medium, is some information concerning their material interests; as, for instance, how and where to find a rich gold deposit; when their remittances will come to hand, or their ships get in from sea; whom they are to marry; what is the best business for them to engage in, etc. etc. Now, it is idle to come to this investigation with such aims and desires as these, expecting that those who have thrown off the burden of earthly cares and anxieties, and are enjoying that rest from them which can only be obtained in employments more congenial to the changed condition of the soul, will return here for the sole purpose of again taking up that burden, and bearing it for those still in the flesh. Only some restless spirit, who had not yet been able to rid himself of the desires and ambitions of earth-life, would consent to take part in any such movements, or assist in developing selfish schemes. In fact, the first great effort of the freed spirit, who has now ascended to the plane of an unselfish existence, is to rid himself of all the selfish aims and petty cares which rendered him unhappy in this life,

and to acquire a sublime devotion to the good of others, such as few succeed in developing while on earth. To expect him, therefore, to return, and voluntarily resume the tasks and struggles that weary and render miserable so many of the people of earth, is foolish in the extreme. It is not from any selfish motives, as we understand them, that the souls of the departed return and communicate with us, but for the higher and nobler aim of instructing us as to our true relations to each other in this life, and in that which is to come.

Another cause of complaint with the skeptic is, that so many of the manifestations are of a merely physical character; and it is insisted that some undiscovered natural law will yet account for these upon purely natural grounds, without reference to any spirit interposition whatever. We have to reply to this objection, that, as all natural means are adapted to natural ends, so must all spiritual means be adapted to spiritual ends. All minds differ in their development or capacity of understanding, and what will reach the understanding of one will not answer for that of another. It therefore becomes necessary that the powers of the spirits should be exhibited in a variety of ways, so as to be comprehended by all, by being adapted to the various mental conditions of all. Those who could not receive an impression from the spirit world, even if accompanied by a kick from a horse, must be reached through those mental faculties which are ever the most wide awake. A man of a mirthful disposition must be attracted by some ridiculous and fantastic display; another, who glories in physical strength, by some exhibition of a suspension of the laws of gravitation; another, who has a fine musical taste, by the production of harmonious sounds from musical instruments by invisible hands; and yet another, who prides himself upon medical knowledge, by witnessing a sudden restoration to health by laying on of hands. One mind is not convinced by the same method as another; but every one is more or less satisfied, according to his mental condition at the time of witnessing the event, and the manner in which it appeals to their predominant faculties. As to the naturalness of spirit manifestations, there is and can be but one opinion among those who understand the subject. All must agree that it is just as natural for a spirit to speak without the use of vocal organs, by which to produce vibrations of sound upon the ear, as to think without a brain; or to move tables and chairs without the use of bony hands and fingers, as to laugh without the facial muscles and a mouth; or to announce their presence in any way and by any means, and come and go at pleasure, without the use of arms and legs, or even wings, as to exist at all as conscious, reasoning beings, possessing all the affections and sentiments of humanity. We believe that the laws operating in the future state of our existence will be just as natural as those in the present; only they will be so far different as to meet the requirements of our changed condition. What need of muscles and tendons and sinews and bones has a spirit, when the mere exercise of will communicates motion to whatever embodiment they may possess, just as our wills do the same thing with our bodies? The notion that angels have wings proceeds from the materialistic conception of spirit existence which has been fostered by the Church, Protestant as well as Catholic. It is the adherence to the letter, without a comprehension of the spirit of revelation, that has so encouraged materialism. The Church teaches the resurrection of the body; and how, says the skeptic, can the body ascend above the earth without wings? But the Church inculcates many other doctrines, equally without foundation in reason or revelation. The resurrection of the body is not only an impossibility in fact, but it is a contradiction of both reason and revelation in terms. The Bible nowhere teaches the doctrine, but everywhere the contrary; and we have in our day the palpable presence of departed friends, whose bodies are even now mouldering into dust in Lone Mountain, whither we can go and witness the process from time to time, to convince our reason that the resurrection of the spirit is the only one in accordance with nature. The materialistic Church conceives of heaven as a city whose streets are paved with gold, and whose gates are precious stones; where God sits upon a great white throne, surrounded by a chosen few in white garments, who sing songs of joy; and from whence all, including God himself, will at a future general judgment day look complacently down upon an immense multitude of the unchosen, suffering endless torments in a hell of fire and brimstone.

But the Spiritual Philosophy abrogates all these literal interpretations, and shows conclusively that the spirit alone is the life and the moving cause of all that is and all that occurs in the physical world, whether it be the Spirit of God or the spirit of man that operates. After the soul has left the body, the *man* is no longer present and acting therein; if this were not so, the body could and would be moved about, as before; but, on the contrary, it lies still and motionless, and soon goes to decay. The life of the body is the spirit; and when that has taken its departure, the body is, as people have been accustomed to say, *dead*. Why should it not be so said, since the *life* has gone out of it? It is too simple a process, one would think, to be misunderstood. And yet, through the misinterpretations of priests and teachers, it has been misconceived by the people in all ages. The truth in this respect, in its simplicity and beauty, is still unperceived by a great majority; few are able to emerge from the mental darkness of the past into the light of the present, much less to perceive the dawning glory of the future, wherein is made apparent the visible and tangible presence of myriads of spirits, men and women like ourselves, who have no longer need of the light of the sun or the fruits of the earth, but enjoy an illumination which is not dependent upon the motions of solar systems, and a sustenance not furnished by chemical combinations of earth, air, and water.

Persons wishing the best pictures to be obtained in the city should go to Marston & Mains' Excelsior Art Gallery, Crim House, 523 Kearny street—J. R. Mains, operator. He succeeded in taking the most correct, and at the same time the best-looking shadow of our homely face, of any artist that we ever tried.

The Sabbath, Its Origin and Use.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

The above quotation, from one of the books of the Pentateuch, which is generally ascribed in its authorship to Moses, would give us good grounds for assuming the position that it is only about four thousand years since the Sabbath was instituted. Hence, according to orthodox chronology, the world existed some two thousand years without any such institution. If the Sabbath is so necessary to our institutions at the present day, also so necessary to our proper religious instruction and information of a true moral character, why were the earlier portion of the earth's inhabitants denied its benefits. It could not consistently claim, for a moment, that they occupied a higher moral character, and consequently did not stand as much in need of such institutions; for the historical facts of those times would prove at once the position to be false.

Upon what grounds do theologians predicate the sacredness of the day? Simply upon the strength of the fourth commandment that we have quoted at the head of this article. And the reasons set forth in that commandment are those furnished by God, why He wished to have the day observed in accordance with his requirements. Those reasons assigned by the Almighty were His own example in labor and rest. We take the ground that the fourth commandment is false, and hence did not come from God; and consequently, is not in a sacred sense binding upon mankind. The fourth commandment shall be the witness on the stand to prove itself false. First, it says, "that God, in six days, made the heavens and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day." Whereas it is a well known fact, patent to every observing mind, that the work of formation is going on now, every day, and ever has been, not only for six thousand years, but more likely for as many millions of years. The science of geology teaches us that the work of formation, or creation, which is one and the same, is constantly undergoing changes. There are none of the races of insects or animals that roamed at will in the new-born fields of this world of ours. Their fossil remains, that lie far down in the rocks, tell us of their once having been, but long, long have they slept the sleep that knows no waking. New forms and new races have arisen to take their places, and in their turn have followed their predecessors to the land of shades, and beds of stone, swept down by the grand creating law of progress. Even now, the work of creation goes steadily forward on the Sabbath as well as any other day. The trees, grass, and flowers grow; the rivers run all day; the little brooks laugh, dance, and play; old ocean rolls and moans; the winds blow; the birds sing; the sun shines, all just as much one day as another. Who causes all these things to transpire on the Sabbath? Is it God? Most assuredly. Then God works on Sunday, and always has. From this we see, that there is no truth in the fourth commandment. If not true, then it is not from God, and not binding upon mankind. This is the result of the theological idea of six days' creation and the seventh day of rest. Step by step has science pushed theology from its assumed position. And Doctors of Divinity have made themselves busy in trying to make Scripture and science harmonize. The sad fate of Hugh Miller should be a fearful warning to them, and lead them to abandon the hopeless task. Since geology has driven them unwillingly from their old position, many of the theologians have taken the ground that it was six periods of time that Moses had reference to when speaking of the Creation. According to that kind of reasoning, then the Sabbath is a period of time also; and perhaps there has been no Sabbath at all yet, and the world have been fooled altogether; or, for aught we know, it is Sabbath now, and has been, and will be for many years to come.

We would not, for a moment, have any one entertain the idea that we are opposed to the day as a day of rest, recreation, and enjoyment. That is the legitimate use of the day; and whoever perverts it for unhallowed or sectarian purposes, is guilty of a crime against humanity. To us, in our childhood, Sunday was the worst of all days; reared as we were under the puritanical influences of the cast-iron sect, the Old School Congregationalists in New England. Most vividly the psychological impressions of our childhood years portray the scene. Our father was deacon of the Congregational Church in our native place something like forty-five years in succession, and resigned the office when his advanced age and failing health incapacitated him for discharging the duties thereof. Hence, in our childhood years we were brought up after the strictest, a Pharisee, or what amounts to the same thing, an Old School Congregationalist; and a description of one Sabbath will well illustrate the whole. It was to rise early, help milk, drive the cows to pasture, return home; breakfast, and then attend family religious exercises, such as reading Scripture and praying. Then close application to Sabbath school lesson; a certain amount of Scripture was to be gormandized preparatory to reproducing it from memory at the Sabbath school. At half past nine o'clock prepare for church, and be punctual in church at half past ten o'clock; listen one hour and a half to a mass of stuff that we do not go to hear now unless we have done some very mean trick for which we need penance; and we are careful not to do another mean thing in a long time lest we have to go and face another. At the close of the morning service we were forced into Sunday school for an hour and a half more; an intermission of fifteen or twenty minutes, just long enough to munch a piece of gingerbread or a cracker or two, and then the old bell would toll again for afternoon service; then one hour and a half more on hard benches, and we were released until five o'clock, with the expectation of being arraigned around the family circle as soon as we had swallowed our allotted portion of BROWN BREAD AND BEANS, and then questioned concerning our Sun-

day lesson, to know if it was perfect; also required to say as much of the Westminster Catechism as we had been able to commit to memory. At five o'clock, again, the tolling warned us to go once more to the house of prayer; one hour and a half of cold, formal, stereotyped prayer ended the horrid inflictions of the day most accursed in our memory. And if we dared to laugh on Sunday, we were duly informed of the she-bears with which God was wont to frighten and kill little children that were naughty. And if we dared so much as to whistle on God's holy day, a dose of hickory was duly administered on Monday morning, and no homoeopathic dose either, we can assure you, for our memory is remarkably retentive on those points. Who, we ask, will be so lost to the use of all good common sense as to say that such Sabbath experience is calculated to benefit the mind of a child?

Next week we will continue the discussion of the subject further.

Too Supercilious.

The *Alta California*, in its issue of the 21st, has an article, in which it grows very indignant indeed at the course of the Supervisors in removing the Health Officer of this city and appointing another to his place. We hope that the Supervisors will hereafter be more cautious, and not act thus prematurely, but be careful to secure a preponderance of the wisdom of the city by consulting the *Alta*, before taking any decisive action. We think that "sensible men and women" deem every legitimate calling of life entitled to "respect and consideration." But why the term "peculiar" should be applied any more to a physician than to an educated and devoted mechanic, is more than we can tell. Many of the latter class of persons are as much slaves, and as much subjected to the caprices of the world, as professional men. How many nights, Sundays, and holidays do the printers have, who daily set up the columns of the *Alta*? The foreman should have left out the dash-rule at the end of the article referred to, and then the one following (the mortuary report) would have been an excellent commentary upon it, and would have better set forth the real merits of the medical profession.

The Oldest Newspaper in America.

EDITORS OF BANNER OF PROGRESS.—In your last number, you mention the *Newport Mercury* as being the oldest paper in America. Allow me to make a correction, the proof of which you will find at the office, in the form of the *New Hampshire Gazette*. This paper, you will observe, was established October 7th, 1756, two years previous to the *Mercury*. It still lives, and is a regular visitor at my home in San Francisco.

W. C. KIMBALL.

We are not informed, otherwise than by our correspondent, whether the claim of the *Gazette* can be maintained or not; but we entertained the belief that the *Mercury* was entitled to the distinction, from the fact that Ben. Franklin started the latter paper, and has long had the credit of establishing the first paper in America, the *Boston News Letter*.

As a specimen of terse and vigorous writing, commend us to the following:

TUB-KICKERS.—We live in practical times, or rather in a muscular age, for, so far as public appreciation is concerned, muscle bears the palm of victory. Indeed, to such extremes is the sort of taste carried, that the intellectual may justly feel alarmed, and the boding see in it the slow approach of barbarism. Brains now are at a discount; and happy is that man who is endowed by nature with prodigious sinews and the requisite pluck to use them. He may enter any society; aspire to the highest office; and by sheer strength carve out a niche for himself in the shrine of notoriety. Intellect having glimmered with uncertain light for many ages, seems now about to pale its unavailing glare. The brazen glare of constitutional base is the bane under which it languishes. Pugilists have supplanted the courtly knights in the forum; and on the stage, the extravagant and sensational plays of Boucicault have superseded the classical creations of the noble masters of the drama; and here in San Francisco, while Shakespeare rusts in the green-room, the town is loud in its applause of a troupe of swart tub-kickers from Japan.—*Dramatic Chronicle*.

THE SEANCE OF MRS. ADA HOYT FOYE, on Thursday evening of this week, was one of the most successful we ever attended, whether we consider the number and quality of the tests given, or the satisfaction obtained by the entire audience. We were much amused by a comparison made in her introductory lecture, to the effect that a person might as well try to send a telegraphic message on a clothes-line as to expect a communication from the spirit-world without first establishing the proper conditions for receiving it. Mrs. Foye is causing more thinking, reasoning men and women to become Spiritualists than can be estimated by casual observers.

THE ladies of San Francisco will give a complimentary party to Mrs. Cogill, in Congress Hall, on the 29th of the present month. We wish to say to the Friends of Progress especially, that "one good turn deserves another." Mr. Cogill has left nothing undone in the preparation of his hall for their convenience, and by his constant presence has contributed a great deal to the pleasure of the series of festivals held there by the ladies of the Friends of Progress during the past six months. Let them have a full benefit on the 29th.

JO KERR says there is an empty fellow who occasionally writes a paragraph for the *Dramatic Chronicle*, and who lately said we were fresh writers, and didn't like to hide our light under a bushel. Jo thinks if this fellow is ashamed of his name, it is no reason why we should be; and as to hiding our light, he is certain it will not be hid under a bushel of chaff. We think the *Chronicle* man had better stop chaffing, or Jo will be apt to put out his light.

THE *Dramatic Chronicle* expects the *Californian* lion will roar at us. He will require more Bottom than he has yet exhibited to either alarm or amuse us much.

OUR article upon the Phenomenal Facts of Spiritualism is unavoidably crowded out of this issue. It will appear in our next.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

(COMMUNICATED.)

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?

"The world moves," and humanity, as an integral part thereof, moves also. The basic principle of the Spiritualistic movement unquestionably is, that continued progressive growth is the key-note of the universe. A judicious merchant will occasionally take account of stock to ascertain whether he is progressing towards wealth or bankruptcy. So it may be well for Spiritualists to see what the stage of our progress is—what achievements we have made, with a view to a clearer perception of the work pressing upon Spiritual workers. We have rejected supernaturalism as having no foundation in fact; and with it has gone that moral code which depended on supernaturalism for its binding force. That this moral code has exerted a considerable influence on the most enlightened portions of humanity, for the last fifteen centuries, is equally certain. It is no less certain that its influence is rapidly ceasing. Is it not equally apparent that average individuals of civilized humanity have not reached that stage of moral and intellectual growth, where each can perceive his character and relations as to be a law unto himself? Neither is humanity likely to reach that condition for centuries to come. Humanity is not only made up of individuals, but is also a unit; the interests of one, and the interests of all, are identical; but the individuals of society have not come to a conscious perception of this great truth. Looking at society from the external standpoint, and seeing the antagonisms, discords, and frivolity, manifested in society, we are led almost to despair of moral order being wrought out of such apparently discordant elements. But we build wiser than we know; while we manipulate outside effects, our Deific Father is reaching deeper causes. His power, working in and through us, and in and through the universe, will, in due time, bring the actual far beyond our ideal. We may safely say that Spiritualism has eliminated the idea of a personal devil, and with it that of absolute evil. We reject the idea that an infinite, good Being took into partnership a malignant bad one, and left with man the unequal struggle of escaping the influence and power of the latter. As the universe exhibits a continual unfolding and growth, our labor, as progressionists, is clearly indicated, to work with our Father in the education, unfolding, and growth of the human spirit.

As, as before stated, the moral code, based on supernaturalism, is vanishing, and also that individual development is not sufficient for individual guidance, whence are we to look for moral light, truth, and guidance? This question appears pertinent to the present condition of Spiritualism. In answering this question, it may be well to premise that Spiritualism, as a moral and religious system, is simply a natural progressive science. The labor in every natural science is divided into two branches: First, the discovery of principles or truths; and second, their application to human uses and needs. Have not the boundaries of every natural science been extended by the labors of the few rather than of the many? Not that the few are to bring forth an authoritative code of morals, and thus become the masters of the many, but rather that they should be the servants of the many in assisting to bring to their perceptions moral principles as they exist in nature. It is a truth apparent to the clear-sighted, that the American people have arrived at a point where they are compelled to work out for themselves a new moral and religious system; the only question concerning it is, Shall this be done wisely and well, or less wisely and well? If this be a natural science, like all natural sciences, it must be advanced by the labors of experts devoting their energies to the matter. Our religion and morals, like our government, must be the result of the aggregate practical wisdom of the people. They can be neither more nor less. If there were a royal road to moral and religious truths and methods—if our attainments were to be reached in a radically different method from that by which we reach our attainments in government, in education, in mechanics, in agriculture—then it were wise to contentedly travel that road, and diligently seek those methods. But if there is no such royal road, it is not the part of wisdom to deceive ourselves, but rather, with untrammelled minds, to seek diligently for the truths and principles as a part of the laws and forces of the universe of which we form a part. J. ALLYN.

(COMMUNICATED.)

A PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW OF THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND.

NUMBER THREE.

"No mortal can write the mysterious history of the Bible, and yet mortal hands are entrusted with the sacred duty of preserving the Bible in its Divine purity and simplicity. From eternity its holy lines were mysteriously traced upon the mind of the living God. By some inexplicable process of Divinity, in the fullness of time, they were transferred to the minds of holy men of God. Another mysterious movement of the Holy Spirit molded them into words, and with infallible accuracy reproduced them in the symbols of human speech. While the human pen moved in perfect docility after the Divine dictation, it was absolutely free from the possibility of error. Just there Divine love has left the Bible, and just there human gratitude has found the Bible. Where Divinity left off, humanity begins the relation between the Holy Inspirer and the inspired scribe was most intimate; but the distance between the inspired scribe and his translators is infinite."—*Extract from the Speech of the Rev. T. A. Wright, D. D., on the Anniversary of the American Bible Union, 1890.*

It seems very strange to the "natural mind" that that which had occupied the mind of God "from eternity," and which, "in the fullness of time," had, by Divine care and infinite pains, been accomplished, that very little Divine care was afterwards taken to preserve it in its "Divine purity." It is a wearisome task to read the opinions of the learned on the matter, at least to those of the million, who cannot read Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and other dead languages, in which "Divine Love" has been kind enough to leave his will for "human gratitude" to find it. What a pity it is, for us, whose salvation depends on our faith and proper observance of the ordinances of God, that the distance between "the inspired scribe and his translators is infinite"! And what a saving of valuable time it would have been to the students of the Holy Bible, now lost in acquiring a knowledge of the dead languages, and pursuing the endless task of reconciling the very many contradictory renderings in the MSS. of the holy book.

But the task is not confined to the thousands of different readings; the very books themselves are a matter of uncertainty and doubt. The genuineness of the majority of the books of the New Testament has been disputed by the different sects of Protestant Christianity, and during the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th centuries, council after council was convened for the purpose of determining what were the truly inspired writings of God's will to mankind.

The most famous of these councils was the Nicene Council. In the year 325, disputes ran high in the Christian Church between the Arians and the

Trinitarians. Each quoted in their favor the supposed writings of the founders of their faith; and each called that quoted by the other spurious, and of no authority.

To settle these disputes, Constantine the Great called together this famous Nicene Council. He, at the same time, being a Pagan, favorably disposed toward the Christians previous to the Council, favored the Arians; during the Council, pronounced their doctrine heresy; and ten years afterward, again accepted it as true doctrine. A man who "drowned his wife in boiling water; put to death his son Crispus; murdered the two husbands of his sisters, Constantine and Anastasia; murdered his own father-in-law, Maximianus Hercules; and his nephew, son of his sister Constantine, a boy of only twelve years of age." (Infidel Text-Book.)

It is said that about 2,000 Bishops met, and to them was confided the task of deciding which were the genuine, the ever-after-to-be-received word of God. But in this holy assembly controversy raged as furiously as ever; so that their master Constantine had to dismiss them all but 318, probably the more tractable and docile. Tindal says of these Bishops: "And if these accusations and libels which the Bishops at the Council of Nice gave in of one another to the Emperor were now extant, in all probability we should have such rolls of scandal, that few would have much reason to boast of the first Ecumenical Council, where, with such heat, passion, and fury, the Bishops fell foul on one another, inasmuch, that had not the Emperor by a trick burnt their Church memorials, probably they must have broken up in confusion! After that council was over, the Bishops made so great a bustle and disturbance, and were so unruly, that the good Emperor was forced to tell them that if they would not be more quiet and peaceable for the future, he would no longer continue his expedition against the Infidels, but must return to keep them in order." * * *

Indeed, the confusion and disorder were so great amongst them, especially in their Synods, that it some times came to blows; as for instance, Dioscorus, Bishop of Alexandria, cuffed and kicked Flavianus, Patriarch of Constantinople, (at the second Synod of Ephesus,) with that fury that within three days after he died!!! (Infidel Text-Book.)

The 318, not being able to decide which were the genuine books, laid them under the Communion Table, and retired, giving the key to Constantine, and prayed the Lord to separate them Himself—a very sensible proceeding; for, being the author, He would certainly be the better acquainted with his own works! In their absence the Lord did as directed; performed a miracle by placing the genuine on the table! And yet, after all this, we find that for centuries afterward, the genuineness of the books of the Hebrews, James, 2d John, 3d John, Jude, and the Revelations, were disputed. And this is what "Divine Love" has left to "human gratitude"! Truly, His ways are not as our ways.

The history of the Old Testament is similar; a compilation of which took place 287 years before the Christian era. "Irenaeus (Lib. iii. c. 24) relates that Ptolemy Lagi, wishing to adorn his Alexandrian Library with the writings of all nations, requested from the Jews of Jerusalem a Greek version of their Scriptures; that they sent seventy elders well skilled in the Scriptures, and in later languages; that the king separated them from one another, and bade them all translate the several books. When they came together before Ptolemy and showed their versions, God was glorified, for they all agreed exactly, from beginning to end, in every phrase and word, so that all men may know that the Scriptures are translated by the inspiration of God. Epiphanius says that the translators were divided into pairs, in thirty-six cells, each pair being provided with two scribes, and that thirty-six versions, agreeing in every point, were produced by the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.)

This tale, however, is disputed, and others substituted in its place; and, lest we should go astray searching for truth in the fallible writings of uninspired men, let us take at once to the "Holy Scriptures," which are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Is. 8:20.) The Protestants will not listen to the testimony of the "Apocrypha" of the Old Testament, although it is endorsed by the Catholic branch of Christianity. In it we are informed that the book of the law had been burnt; and that it had become necessary for Esdras (Ezra) to rewrite it, which he did during forty successive days and nights, assisted by five scribes. (2 Esdras, 14. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Articles "Ezra" and "Pentateuch.") Seventy years previous to this time, the Babylonians had taken what was left of the Jews captive, for the Assyrians had taken captive the great mass of the people a short time before, and so disposed of them that they have never been heard from since; during this captivity the Jews had not only nearly lost all knowledge of the laws and religion of their nation, but also their very language. (Neb. 8.)

That a knowledge of their religion should be lost, during a national disaster, like the captivity, is not wonderful, when we consider how little they knew of it previous to that time. In the reign of King Josiah, king, priest, and people, knew nothing of it, and Elijah, in his day, complained that "the children of Israel have forsaken their covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I, only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away." And in response to this, God says: "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal;" who were probably infants.

In the reign of King Josiah, Hilkiah, the High Priest, and great-grandfather of Ezra, the scribe (Ezra, 7:1.) found "a book of the law of the Lord given by Moses" in the Temple, while it was undergoing repair. Shaphan, the scribe, read it, but could make nothing of it; nor could King Josiah, when it was read to him, only this: "Great is the wrath of the Lord that is poured out upon us, because our fathers have not kept the word of the Lord, to do after all that is written in this book. Strange to say, neither the High Priest, who alone could enter the Holy of Holies, nor his scribe, could tell what to do. The constitution had not provided for any exigency of the kind. In this dilemma they had to apply to a woman, who did not require to ask her husband at home concerning the matter, as the law and St. Paul would have commanded her to do, (1 Cor. 14:34, 35.) but being on very intimate terms with God himself, and a prophetess to boot, which, in modern parlance, is a medium, she soon got in rapport with the Almighty, and gave them an answerment to the Constitution of Moses, whether Hilkiah did not write the book himself? And who are the writers of the books of Kings and Chronicles, in which this story is found? Nothing is positively known. There is presumptive proof that the book of Chronicles was written by the writer of the book of Ezra; for we find the last two verses of Chronicles, and the first three verses of Ezra to be alike. We have the same proof that the writer of Chronicles was also the writer of the book of Genesis, as a careful compar-

ison of Genesis, 36:31-43, and 1 Chron. 1:43-54, will show; which goes far to show that there is some truth in Ezra's having reproduced from memory, or imagination, the documents his great-grandfather was said to have found. Whether Ezra wrote the book bearing his name, is doubtful, from the peculiar way that he, the hero of the book, is spoken of in Ezra 7:6. It is very much like the manner in which Moses is said to have spoken of himself in Numb. 12:3, which compare with Prov. 27:2. But if Ezra, or some one after him, wrote these books, it explains, at once, the often reference to places and events mentioned in the Pentateuch which had not received the name given, nor transpired, till many hundred years after, as may be seen in the following passages: Gen. 7:6; 8:7, 18; 9:14, 17; (see Judges 18:29; 23:2; (see Josh 14:18; Judges 1:10; (see Judges 23:35; 20; 36:81; (see 1 Chron. 1:43; Exod. 16:35; Numb. 15:32; 21:1, 3; (see Judges 1:16, 17; Deut. 2:10, 23, is evidently post-Mosaic, as is also Deut. 34; and Judges 17:30 must have been written after the captivity.

We know not who wrote the Kings, only we find several chapters (25th and 21st) of the second book incorporated in the book of Isaiah, (38th and 39th.) And if Isaiah wrote the book bearing his name, he was a wonderful prophet, indeed; for he is very familiar with the name of Cyrus, who was not born till many years after Isaiah's death. (Is. 45:1.) What is the value of an anonymous witness?

How are we to tell that the whole has not been the result of a fertile imagination? That a book should be found that no one knew anything about, and be lost again in a few years, and only restored by being written from memory, and only receiving the voucher of the writer for its accuracy or truthfulness, and a writer, too, of great obscurity; that claims should be presented for the book; that it is the only revelation of God's will, which we must obey on pain of eternal damnation—seems to me the very height of presumptuous assurance.

But sealed books, preserved from vulgar eyes, and found books, springing into existence to suit the convenience of priests, seems to have been the practice in those days. The book of Daniel is another of those books: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end." See also Is. 29:11, 12; Rev. 5. Of the other books of the Old Testament, very little is known; and no valid reason can be given why they should claim an authority over our reason and belief that the Shaster, Zenda Vesta, Koran, or any other pretended sacred book, should not claim on equally good grounds. Nothing, but being drilled and indoctrinated into the idea of their sacredness from our earliest infancy could ever have led our judgment so far captive, as to cause us to place the least confidence in the whole matter. Jews, Protestants, and Catholics, met lately, only to part again, in order to give us a perfect Bible. And the Mormons, no less, have promised us an inspired translation, by which translation the spurious and obscure are to be removed, and all rendered satisfactory and clear, which is only moonshine. It would be easier to make a new one than tinker up such a mass of absurd contradictions. It would only be another Ezra affair without having the sanctity of age to recommend it.

In the next number their system of religion will be reviewed. J. W. MACKIE.

(COMMUNICATED.)

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE?

NUMBER THREE.

No greater or more sublime truth has escaped the lips of man, than that enunciated by A. J. Davis, "No one has a right to call God his Father, until he can call man his brother." And it may with strict propriety be added, that the race will never be fitted to act in concert, and carry forward properly the great work of dominion over the earth in subduing and truly cultivating it, until such recognition shall become complete. The slow but sure method of such accomplishment is already in forcible operation, in all the nations and peoples of our globe; some are moving with more rapid strides than others, but all are awake and sensible of some upheaval—some disturbing influence going on in their midst. And no nations feel and know this with more certainty, than those styling themselves Christian; for in them the revolution and transition is clearer and more apparent, by reason of a greater average amount of intelligence. That the most enlightened of Christian nations, so called, owe that position to the Bible, or the three or four hundred different forms of worship emanating therefrom, remains to be shown; it being a mooted question, with a preponderant influence on the side of liberal views. To the untiring, persevering industry of noble minds in the scientific ranks do we owe much, for the large share of freedom from bigoted persecution that we now enjoy, more fully, perhaps, than otherwise, through the peculiar form of our government, in its entire separation of Church from State. The American people can never be too grateful to the founders of our institutions in the incipient stage of our government, for the stand they took and maintained against all opposition to priest-craft, Biblical influence, and sectarian theology. These true defenders of the people's rights did not happen to believe that mankind is or was so vile, as to be continually under the wrath of an offended Almighty God; nor yet that this world of ours has existed somewhat less than six thousand years. They did not view the Bible as an infallible book, written by the finger of God; or even the inspiration of God through holy men of old; but rather as a book full of contradictions, discrepancies, and falsehoods; unreliable and therefore unserviceable to the welfare of men, in their several relations to one another and the world at large. But in order to reach the point aimed at or proposed, it will become necessary to make frequent quotations from eminent authors, and perhaps I cannot do better just here, than to name one of the works from which it will be my pleasure to draw much or little, as it may suit my purpose. The work alluded to is the "Types of Mankind," some slight knowledge of which may be gained by those unacquainted with the book, by a perusal of the following statement, from the New York Evening Post:

A MAN BEFORE ADAM.—A conglomerate work, to use a geological phrase, has lately been published in Philadelphia, entitled the "Types of Mankind," made up of contributions from the late Dr. Morton, Agassiz, Usher, Mott, and Gliddon. This work is destined to create something of a commotion in the religious world. The idea of the unity of the race of man is totally discarded by the authors, one and all. Dr. Usher makes the astounding statement in this work that a human fossil has been found in New Orleans, in the course

of some excavation in that city, to which a pre-Adamite age is attributed. According to his authority, the skeleton of a man, of the conformation of our native Indians, was discovered at a depth of sixteen feet, lying below a succession of four fossil cypress forests, to each of which the age of 14,400 years is given. Agassiz is said to have accepted this as a fact, and based upon it his assertion that man existed upon the earth at least 150,000 years ago. The theologian must either disprove this statement, or be compelled to admit a new exegesis of Holy Writ.

Some five or six years have passed since the publication of the above statement, and, so far as I know, there has been no attempt at disproof from any quarter. This silence is itself significant of the fact, that the discovery and conclusions are substantially correct, and, as the lawyers say, must be put in evidence. But to come nearer the subject under consideration; it is important to a correct and satisfactory understanding of the matter, that we have considerable knowledge of the ancient Egyptians—their manners and customs—their arts and sciences—their chronology and modes of worship, together with what they have left for our inspection and judgment. Their pursuits in both agriculture and religion partook of their views of the heavenly bodies; their religion, being purely astronomical, gave coloring, and shape, and expression to all else with which they were connected. Their ritual, their Bible, their faith had by a long previously practiced process in the, to them, science of astronomy been boldly and ineffaceably written on the bending dome of the arched heavens, there to be seen and read by all generations of men from that period to the present, and will yet more plainly and wisely read by generations unborn. The astronomical religion of the Egyptians was adopted by surrounding nations; thus the worship of Baal, in and around Judea, was a somewhat modified form of the Egyptian system. These writings on the skies; which so far as modern research has been able to investigate the matter, are considered the oldest on record—"these were transferred, in allegory or parables, to the parchment rolls that in early times constituted the Jewish Bible." "They are the lexicons that we must refer to, if we would interpret the dead language of ancient science in which the Bible was written." "They are the mystic keys that alone will unlock the secret chambers of imagery that abound in that book." "They constitute a vast library, containing the text books of the ancient writers, from which they gathered the materials of their strange stories."

"Looking up into the blue vault of heaven, the uncultivated eye sees naught but a confused and promiscuous sprinkling of the starry hosts, without system or harmony; but viewed as ancient science arranged them, in their various divisions or constellations, they are seen to wheel into line, and pursue their daily and yearly course with the utmost order and regularity." "This arrangement of the stars into constellations forms the basis of all religions, as it also does the Masonic and many other mystical and secret societies that have during so many ages excited the curiosity and wonder of the world." With what extreme care and watchfulness the theological world have guarded every avenue to a knowledge of ancient literature of the kind here spoken of, through their interest in speculating in human credulity. No door must be left open, or even ajar, lest a peep should be obtained of some of the rare treasures of past ages, as they lay entombed behind the centuries that have noiselessly rolled on, lifting us to the surface on the tide of events. It is now an easy task to trace back to the early fathers, so called, of the Christian faith, and see what methods they adopted to hide from the people all knowledge that might in the least detract from unreserved credence in what was administered as the pure and true evangelical faith. These early fathers arrogated to themselves an undoubted right to hold the minds and consciences of the people in their own hands, and dictate terms for all heresies or delinquencies of whatever character. They even went farther than this, in riveting the chains of mental slavery upon all who came within the reach of their hateful power and control. They had the audacity and meanness to promulgate the sad and soul-sickening doctrine, that Ignorance is the mother of Devotion; and even to this day we find a strong effort put forth to squelch the truth from sight, lest infidelity should lead men down the broad road to an eternal hell of fire and brimstone. Should we interrogate these holy men in relation to any of their peculiar dogmas, all is well; if we desire to know the difference between baptism and sprinkling, there is no sort of objection to entering elaborately upon the discussion of the question in all its bearings; even the subject of finite creatures committing infinite sin, and the consequent exposure to the wrath of offended Deity, and that wrath intensified superlatively by and through the aid of his Satanic majesty the Devil, can be freely and fully discussed, and the parties thus questioning be looked upon as co-workers with God. While, on the contrary, should one only assert his right to judge for himself, and declare his manhood and the full play of his reasoning faculties in and upon all matters of faith and practice, he is forthwith branded as a heretic in the Romish Church, and an infidel or atheist in and by the Protestant Church, and the most bitter anathemas hurled at his head. We have on record as nice a piece of perfidy, concocted by one of the early fathers of the Church, as can be met with in the annals of literature; and this perpetration is perpetuated by theology with the bold assertion that the huge lie is a sacred truth. I allude to the well known interpolation in the American edition of the works of Flavius Josephus, in reference to what is there said of the man Jesus. All clergymen are supposed to be educated, as a fitting for their calling; and as part of that education consists of obtaining a knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, they must know, if they have ever taken the trouble to look, that the language attributed to Josephus is not to be found in any copy of the original extant; as all Hebrew scholars well know, who have thus read the work. J. D. PIERSON.

At the close of the seance on Thursday evening, last week, we, in company with others, adjourned to Congress Hall, where the ladies of the Friends of Progress were holding their monthly festival. We enjoyed ourselves hugely, in stepping to the hour of soul-stirring music, until the "wee sma' hours" of morning warned us to adjourn for rest.

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